

Choice Miscellany.

THE ROSE JAR.

I remember in my childhood, in a quaint, old-fashioned room,
A rose-jar, flushed with crimson, like the
Colors of the dawn,
Stood upon a little shelf, tilted to colorful
brims,
With roses that had blossomed in the sun-
mer past and gone.
Oh, what a charm swept o'er me, when some-
times sitting there,
I held the jar in careful hands, and breathed
its fragrant scent,
I heard the bees hum humming, and I felt the
blossoms blow.
I saw the river flowing where the drooping
willow bent.
Sweet friend, you say the roses that bloomed
for you are dead,
You only have the withered leaves to hold
within your hand.
The summer's warmth has gone, and the golden
sunshine fled,
And the snows of cruel winter, their blasting
chill impart.
I only know that now and then, your heart has
stood ajar,
And thoughts like perfume sweet and rare
across your soul have swept;
Dear thoughts, like summer blossoms, swift
thoughts, like blue-eyed violets, where
summer showers have wept.
Then keep the withered rose-leaves, preserve
them in your heart,
Their perfume blesses other lives with
thoughts of summer hours.
And friends dear, when winter snow
lies white and chill to-day,
Yet, after winter comes the May, and spring-
time brings the flowers.
—Gladie P. DeBolt, in Chicago Interior.

LOADING COTTON.

The Work of Negroes on the Steamships Down South.

Great Skill Required in the Handling of the Heavy Sticks—The Men Always Cheerful and Singing While at Labor.

It is a problem in mechanics to load a cotton ship—to fill every cubic foot of freight room with the awkward rectangular bales—and some men are so much more skilled than others in this science that it often makes a difference of 400 or 500 bales in a 2,000-ton ship and that amount of loss in the profit of the voyage. Therefore, the stevedores and crewmen receive big wages, perhaps the largest that are paid to negroes anywhere in the world, for most of the longshoremen in the South Atlantic are of that race, says the Chicago Record.

In New Orleans they are nearly all white men—Italians, Swedes and Irishmen—and the riots that we read about in the papers were due to the introduction of negro packers and crewmen from Galveston to take the place of the whites.

The crewmen are divided into gangs of five, with a foreman, and the whole are under the direction of a chief stevedore, who is usually a white man, and acts as superintendent of the dock. Each gang occupies a hatchway of the steamer, and five men at all that can conveniently work in such a narrow space.

The cotton comes from the plantation on the cars or upon flatboats. The bales as they leave the plantations are loosely packed—generally four feet high—and the first thing when they reach the dock is to tumble them into a hydraulic press, which reduces their bulk by one-half and makes it possible to pack twice as many in the hold of a steamer.

The truckmen pass back and forth between the pile of bales and the ship in a procession, rapidly and in perfect time, and it is an awkward and "wuthless nigger," as the foreman said, who ever touches a bale with his hands.

Some of them put on jaunty airs, strike attitudes, and introduce fancy steps as if they were at a cake walk, particularly when spectators are watching, but that is unprofessional, and the serious and self-respecting truckman "totes his bales" without trying to attract attention. They sing as they go, but for the life of me I could not catch the words, and when in an interval I asked one to repeat the verses he replied: "They ain't none. Dat wuz jes' de truckers' song."

The refrain sounded like "Oh rily oh, oh rily oh," and it was evidently nothing but gibberish. It appears that the several gangs have their own particular songs, and I judged from what the foreman told me that the words were usually witty, punning, or slangy, and that they were sung in a way that sounded like a series of rhythmic sounds with terminations that rhymed, invented by some one of their number and sung to familiar airs.

The truckman drops the bale at the edge of the dock, or tosses it by a jerk of the handles of his truck over the gunwales of the vessel; then a man adjusts the grappling iron and shouts a signal to the engineer at the windlass, who turns his lever, and, hoisting the bale into the air, lets it swiftly down into the hold, where the five artists are waiting to pack it away.

It is hot work below, and the packers and crewmen are usually barefooted and naked above the waists, while perspiration rolls down their massive muscles. Each has a hook in his hand, and they seize and toss the 500-pound bales as a Japanese juggler plays with plates.

Five hooks are in the cotton the instant it touches bottom, and they seem to work like a slot machine, for one does not pull one away and another another, but by united, simultaneous effort the great package is lifted, and drops into the very place where the boss wants it to go.

Then at intervals they get out a big jack-screw that must weigh 500 pounds and crowd the bales together until the hold of the ship is one solid mass. One end of the jack-screw is placed against a bale and the other end against a piece of heavy oak timber four or five inches square, which is notched to keep the screw from slipping, and can be inclined against the side of the ship or one of its stanchions, so that a good purchase may be obtained. The screw is worked by a double crank, and one man holds it in position while the other four turn. That operation is called "mooing up."

All this is done to a musical accompaniment—I suppose a negro always sings when he works—but the songs of the crewmen are different from those of the truckmen, and the air that goes with the jack-screw is not the same that is sung when the crewmen are placing the bale in position.

These stevedores have work only about six months in the year, but while they are at it they receive good pay. They work by the piece—that is, so much money for storing away so many bales, and the foreman, who gets the

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During the cotton season, for 19 or 24 hours' work, he will average \$7.50 a day and they \$3, if they are skillful and energetic. The truckers are paid by the hour, and make from \$1.25 to \$1.50.

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A bale of cotton weighs from 450 to 500 pounds, and skillful packers can get from 9,000 to 10,000 bales in a 1,500-ton ship. The number of bales a ship will carry increases rapidly with its tonnage. For example, a 1,000-ton ship will carry 6,000 bales, a 1,500-ton ship, 9,000; a 2,000-ton ship, 15,000, and a 3,000-ton ship, 30,000 bales.

NATURAL HISTORY.

Manners and Customs of European Royalties as They Are—Not.

The pomp and ceremony which serve as a barrier between kings, princes and grand dukes, and Americans of the common or garden kind, renders it difficult for the latter to study the manners and habits of the earth's exalted, except at very long range, and if they were not for the information offered us by the makers of cigarette pictures, the artists who design museum posters and other persons possessed of accurate information, it would be impossible to give a satisfactory account of their various modes of life.

But, thanks to the great American taste for advertising, says the Cincinnati Gazette, he who runs may read the story of the daily actions of England's queen and Russia's czar, not to mention other personages of almost equal importance.

From the trusty sources indicated above, one learns that Queen Victoria has in the evening of life developed an extraordinary fondness for various branches of prepared food, many of which are of American manufacture. In the morning she makes careful use of Apple's soap, preparatory to partaking a cup of Steep's cocoa. At lunch she tops with Sildimple's canned corn beef, and at dinner she will have no dessert but Racy's prepared blanc mange. So particular is her majesty in regard to her favorite articles of food that the largest tins can be sold to her must be adorned with the name of its maker in letters large enough to be easily read by the group of princes, princesses, nobles and courtiers who stand at a respectful distance whenever royalty partakes of any proprietary article of food.

The prince of Wales has also been noted for many years for his fondness for extensively advertised toilet preparations and costly brands of cigarettes and champagnes. Whenever there appears on the market a new Turkish cigarette with a gilt mouthpiece, and costing a little more than an imported cigar, we may be sure that his royal highness will contrive to purchase at least one box of the largest size, no matter what economy he may be compelled to practice in other ways to make up for it, and smokes the cigarettes with much ostentation on the terrace in front of Windsor castle or some other equally conspicuous place. On such occasions the prince usually wears a red uniform and is attended by several regiments of lanciers.

The late czar of Russia having been brought up from his childhood on a simple diet of caviare tallow candles, vodka, caravan tea, bear's grease, and other products of his native country, never distinguished himself as a consumer of prepared food and drink. He was better known—as is to the frequenters of dime museums—as a mighty hunter of freaks, and up to the day of his death he was regarded as one of the most distinguished and crude connoisseurs of human monstrosities in all Europe.

According to the unimpeachable testimony of the superb works of art which lure the humble amusement seeker into the temples which are given over to the worship of the eccentric and deformed, his imperial majesty assisted at the capture of several of the best known freaks of eastern Europe, and was always ready to accord

Maine Farmer.

ESTABLISHED IN 1833.

Published every Thursday, by
Badger & Manley,
AUGUSTA, MAINE.

THURSDAY, MAY 16, 1895.

TERMS.

\$1.50 IN ADVANCE; OR \$2.00 IF NOT PAID
WITHIN ONE YEAR OF DATE OF
SUBSCRIPTION.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

For one inch space, \$2.50 for three inser-
tions and seventy-two cents for each subse-
quent insertion.

COLLECTORS' NOTICES.

MR. C. S. AYER, our Agent, will call upon
our subscribers in Waldo county during May
and June.
Our Agent Mr. J. W. KELLOGG, is now call-
ing upon our subscribers in Washington
county.

President A. W. Harris, of the Maine
State College, will deliver the baccalaure-
ate address before the graduating class
of the Fort Fairfield High School, Sun-
day, May 19th.

The appointment of Col. Fred Grant
to be one of the police commissioners of
New York, brings to the front the son of
an illustrious father, who, it is hoped,
will prove worthy of the father whose name
is honored the world around.

The great National Y. M. C. A. Con-
vention, which has been in session at
Springfield, Mass., claims the deserved
religious attention of the people. Next
to the Christian Endeavor Society, it is
the most powerful organization of young
people in the country.

President Low, of Columbia College,
has announced that he will bear the ex-
pense of the new college library building,
the cost of which will amount to the very
tiny sum of \$1,000,000. Evidently the
trustees made no mistake when they
made Mr. Low President of the institution.

The plush mill at South Portland, in
which was put a good deal of Portland
capital, has been sold to the John P.
Lovell Arms Company, who will make
it their factory, thus bringing a lively
and profitable business to the place.
Among other things, they will manufac-
ture other launches and power road wag-
ons.

Hon. Charles H. Prescott has been
nominated by the Governor as Judge of
the Municipal Court at Biddeford. Mr.
Prescott is the proprietor of the *Bidde-
ford Journal*, member of the York county
bar, and represented York county in the
Senate at the last session of the legisla-
ture. He is one of the brightest young
men on the press of Maine. His age is
37. He has represented his city in the
lower house.

There has been an unusually large
number of fishermen killed on the banks
of Newfoundland this year by being run
down in the night time by steamships.
The majority of them were French from
St. Pierre and Miquelon. It appears that
the best fishing is directly in the course
of the great Atlantic steamships, and the
danger has become so great that the fish-
ermen have petitioned the French Gov-
ernment to use its influence to induce
the steamships to take a more southerly
route.

Dwellers in glass houses have been
given wholesome advice in the past, but
the future presents possibilities of com-
fort in such an abode. M. Henrievaux, a
French glass manufacturer, promises to
exhibit, at the Paris Exposition in 1900,
a house made of glass, with furniture
and tapestries of the same material, and
with double walls so constructed that
hot air can be circulated in winter, and
compressed air to cool the wall in the
summer, so that a comfortable tempera-
ture will be maintained at all seasons.
Such luxury would be compensation to
offset the sacrifice of the stone-throwing
pastime.

A gentleman 84 years of age, who had
passed sixty years without a day's ill-
ness, and who for the whole period
was a total stranger to pain, though his
life was wholly sedentary, was asked by
what means he preserved his uncommonly
good health. He replied, that he made
it a constant practice, as soon as he
rose in the morning, which was early,
to walk briskly a mile or two, and until
he produced a gentle perspiration upon
his body. The circulation thus given to
the blood in the morning had a lasting
effect for the day; he felt active and
vigorous, and never experienced that
dullness and yawning languor which late
beds in the morning and want of exer-
cise seldom fail to produce. In bad
weather he walked in a spacious entry
in his own house. The tendency of
the age is to figure how little exer-
cise one can take, and the result is
dyspepsia, stomach troubles, and
headache. And then the doctors
rejoice, and new doctors are encouraged
to move into town.

Dr. John M. Byron, one of the most
distinguished bacteriologists of the
world, has just died in New York, of
consumption, contracted, he himself be-
lieved, by inhaling during some experi-
ments the bacteria of tuberculosis. He
was a native of Peru, and began prac-
tice as a physician in Lima. Early in
his career he became interested in the
study of bacteriology, and spent his life,
at last sacrificing it, in the pursuit of
that science. Cholera and yellow fever
epidemics had no terrors for him, and
wherever they broke out, there he
hastened to pursue his favorite study.
He contracted yellow fever in Havana,
but speedily recovered under treatment
directed by himself. A few years ago,
when the cholera appeared in New
York, he went to Swinburne Island, and
remained there treating the patients and
studying the disease until the epidemic
was over. He also made a study of
malarial fever and leprosy, proving
beyond a doubt that the latter was pro-
duced by bacteria. He was absolutely
without fear in the presence of the worst
diseases, and actually sought them out
as affording him the means of studying
their causes and treatment for the ben-
efit of humanity.

STAND UP FOR THE TOWN.

One of the bright young business men
of Augusta is Mr. A. W. Brooks, who
succeeds to his father's business in the
hardware line of trade. At the meeting
of the Board of Trade, Thursday evening,
he read a very able and interesting
paper on the city's advantages and
prospects. We give a brief abstract:

Fault finders are abroad in every com-
munity. Nothing is sacred from their
malignant touch. Their aim is to op-
pose. No scheme is evolved, no project
begun, but they are there, at the front,
ready to play the part they know so
well; that of the obstructionist. They
have no motive; no theory to advance;
no enterprise to inaugurate. They sim-
ply throw around the undertakings of
others the obstacles which their uncanny
minds can conjure up.

We are not free from them. We know
who they are; they are those who say,
"Augusta is a good place to die in, or
Augusta is a good place to get out of, or
Augusta is ten years behind the times;
or, What has the Board of Trade ever
done to benefit Augusta?" and a stock
of such phrases that seems almost in-
exhaustible.

Our native city is a good place to die in;
if I am ever obliged to break the ties
which bind me to Augusta, I crave one
boon; may God grant that I may come
material for the place that is to be my
grave. Augusta is a good place to get out of,
or, Augusta is ten years behind the times;
or, What has the Board of Trade ever
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done to benefit Augusta?" and a stock
of such phrases that seems almost in-
exhaustible.

Augusta is a good place to live in, and
Augusta is a good place to do business
in. The product of our cotton mills
stands at the head. When other mills
were shutting down for lack of orders,
the cotton mills were running on a full
scale. Our pulp and paper mills are
enjoying the reputation of producing
goods second to none. The plant of the
Augusta Lumber Company is the finest
of its kind in the country. Our wide-
spread mercantile business is pushing its
services to the front in every branch of
business. Our meat and fish markets
are as good as the best, our grocers are
always supplied with the first fruits of
the season. The displays made by our
dry goods merchants are pushing their
merchandise to the front in the metropoli-
tan. Our clothing is "in it" to such an
extent that the itinerant vendors must look
for new fields to conquer. Our drug-
store is as nearly in touch with the
"fin de siècle" pathology that sickness is
on the decline, and our physicians are
about to make an exodus for the pur-
pose of looking up a new strain of
microbes. And if any of you are out on
the roads, and you will see the same
old weather-beaten sign: "Buy
hardware at Brooks, and get wholesale
prices." Augusta is a good place to do
business in. What we want and what
we must have is the business. The
stock is complete, the contracts all
made, the machinery of trade is in full
and ready. What we want is orders.
As we are all aware, the growth of
Augusta for the past few years has
been for an eastern city, large. Many
new buildings have been erected, many
new industries have sprung up, many
new faces are to be seen on our streets.
The traders of Augusta have kept pace
with its growth. Yes, more; they are a
step in advance. The merchants of
Augusta are using the methods of their
business, are abreast of most towns of
twice the size of Augusta. What we
want is orders. Now, what has the
Board of Trade to do with it, you ask?
Everything, I reply. And how? By
giving banquets? No! Banquets are a
good thing occasionally, but remember
a banquet which was given in Augusta
only five years ago, which has cost the
city of Augusta a hundred thousand
dollars a year ever since. How then?
By meeting together and calling
other good fellows? No, again. But
by all getting hold together and lifting
with a will.

The Great Cat Show.

The novel cat show, held last week at
Madison Square Garden, New York city,
was a great success.

There were 318 cats in the show Thurs-
day morning. That evening there were
317, for one poor creature gave up the
struggle for breath during the long, hot
day, and while the unpleasantness be-
tween the cat and his friend, the monkey,
was going on in the cage across the way,
it looked for a time as if there would be
two less.

These 300 pussies made an interesting
study. Every class of cats had one or
more representatives, and there were
dozens of cats with personalities so
strong that all visitors stopped to say at
least a word or two. Most persons are
original in their remarks and say "poor
pussy."

The pink-nosed kittens, spanning their
mother's ears in an excess of spirits, are
always interesting, whether they are of
ordinary or explicit pedigree. Grover
B., the \$1,000 treasure belonging to Mr.
and Mrs. W. P. Buchanan of Philadel-
phia, would attract attention anywhere
by his size and beauty, and would hold
it by his magnificent aquamarine eyes,
that are a green blue when they are not
a clear pale green.

"Nicodemus," belonging to Mr. B. G.
Hughes, is another cat on which the
value of \$1,000 is placed, he being a
Dublin brindle, and from that the
schedules run down to \$2, which is set
upon Mr. John Belknap Maroon's
"Toodles."

Mr. N. N. Bickford's Angora "Miz-
zie," like Miss Maude Le Vinson's
"Heavenly Twins, Angelica and Dia-
volito," and scores of others, were labelled
"not for sale."

The contract to build the Oxford
county buildings has been awarded to
Joseph Philbrook of Lisbon. The price
is \$20,026. The buildings are to be in
every way worthy the county.

The only way that Nelson's friends
explain his recent conduct at Waterville,
is by saying that he was drunk.

THE NEW ENGLAND FAIR.

Officials from Boston arrived in Port-
land on Friday, empowered to make ar-
rangements for the thirty-second exhi-
bition of the New England Agricultural
Society, in connection with the Maine
Mile Track Association, owning the best
regulation mile track in the country at
Rigby Park.

The company were met by the local
officials, and after refreshments at the
West End Hotel, proceeded to executive
business.

There were present President F. H.
Appleton, of Peabody, Mass., Secretary
E. T. Rowell of Lowell, Mass., Treasurer
Warren Brown of Hampton Falls, N. H.,
C. H. Hayes of Portsmouth, N. H., A.
Dennison of Freeport, J. S. Heald of
Portland, Alonzo Libby of Westbrook,
H. F. Farnham of Portland, J. F. Barrett
of Deering.

There was a very pleasant exchange of
views between these prominent and ex-
perienced gentlemen in the arrangements
for the great fair. In the matter of hall
exhibits it was thought best to make
special displays in the agricultural line
for large exhibitors. It was thought
best to offer handsome awards in cash,
say \$100, for the best display made by
Granges, several organizations of that
honorable order being in that section,
and many more throughout the State.
Diplomas will be awarded to those who
desire to make their exhibits simply to
bring them before the agricultural pub-
lic. Already one Massachusetts concern
and some others have applied for space.

It was thought by the suggestion of
President Appleton that spaces of about
fifteen square feet should be reserved for
general exhibits, and this idea, after due
consideration, was concurred in. An
interesting feature that entered into the
informal discussion was as to "grades"
in the cattle line. It was settled finally
that the party entering as a "grade"
must specify.

It is believed that not only the busi-
ness men, but the florists, the art admi-
nistrators, the fruit and garden producers,
the poultry and pigeon fanciers will unite
for the regular and special premiums of-
fered to make the hall exhibits in the
city building a memorable feature of the
grand fair annuals in Maine. Expressions
of interest and confidence are being re-
ceived by the management to this effect.
After the settling of all matters apper-
taining to the premium lists, with the
exception of the horse racing depart-
ment, which was left to the committee
of the Maine Mile Track Association to
arrange, the meeting dissolved to visit
Rigby Park and its present equipments.

The visitors were much pleased with
the inspection. The track, though but
partially uncovered from its winter pro-
tection, was found to be in excellent con-
dition. The stalls received the admiration
of the experienced visitors.

The New England Fair managers stipu-
lated in the beginning for 325 stalls.
The track was already equipped with
327—two stalls over the demand. The
places selected for the 225 cattle sheds,
the sheep and swine pens, were inspec-
ted and pronounced most satisfactory.

The full premium list will be published
about the middle of June.

The various committees will be an-
nounced at an early date.

The season moves on apace, and almost
before we know it we shall be in the
midst of the hay harvest, the leading crop
on our Maine farms. Now how shall we
grapple with it? Are we fully prepared
with the best of machinery? No farmer
who has his true interests at heart will
omit to supply himself with the Worces-
ter Chain Gear Buckeye mowing ma-
chine, which under the manipulations of
the mechanics of the Richardson Manu-
facturing Company, has been brought to
a state of absolute perfection. The new
foot lift raises the cutter bar by foot,
leaving driver free use of both hands to
manage team. No machine approaches
the Worcester Buckeye in simplicity,
light draft, long life and few repairs. It
is infinitely the best mower for the
farms of Maine, and has been abundantly
tested. These splendid machines are
still manufactured by the Richardson
Manufacturing Company, Worcester,
Mass.

Here is a composition on Sir Walter
Raleigh, written by a pupil in a certain
school: "Sir Walter Raleigh was a very
great man. He went over and discover-
ed America he discovered Virginia. He
discovered the potato. And when he had
discovered the potato, he discovered to-
bacco. And when he had discovered to-
bacco, he turned to his companions and
said, 'My friends, be of good cheer, for
we have this day in England lit such a
flame as I trust by God's grace shall
never be extinguished.'"

We deeply regret to announce the death
of Mr. Leslie Weeks, at his home in
Jefferson, on Saturday last. He had a
stroke of paralysis, and lived but a few
hours after. The deceased was 49 years
and 7 months old. Several years ago
he married Miss Mary Dow of this city,
who survives him. He was well known
in this city, where he had many warm
friends. He was a brother of the late
Hon. Geo. E. Weeks, and leaves two
daughters, Mrs. O. C. Webster of this city,
and Mrs. B. C. Farnum of Paso, Cal.

That popular publication, the *Maine
Central*, has been enlarged the current
month. It is a beauty and has a wide
circulation. This fact is appreciated by
business men, who crowd its columns
with their advertising favors. This
publication for June will be devoted to
the east side of the White Mountain
region.

The Foxcroft defalcation has grown
\$12,000 since the town meeting a few
weeks ago, additional notes having come
in from New York, Kansas and Michi-
gan. "It looks better for the town and
worse for the note holders every day,"
says a prominent citizen of Foxcroft.

One of Hancock county's smart old
ladies is Mrs. L. R. Hinckley of Green
Lake. Mrs. Hinckley, who is ninety-
three years of age, recently rode thirty-
four miles, and upon reaching her desti-
nation donned an apron and went to
work getting dinner.

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT.

Space will not allow the publication of
the entire list of special premiums of-
fered through the State Agricultural
Society. It is one far beyond any ever
offered, both in variety and value. We
can only call attention to two which call
for immediate attention, and urge upon our
readers that they send to Secretary G.
M. Twitchell, Augusta, for a copy of
these very valuable specials.

Messrs. Bowler & Co., proprietors
of Stockbridge Special Fertilizers, the
worth of which is everywhere recog-
nized, make the following very generous
offer: For best acre of potatoes grown
in Maine, season, 1895, on Stockbridge
Special Potato Manure, exclusively, one-
half-ton Stockbridge Special Potato
Fertilizer, value, \$22.50. Provided that
an exhibit, in one-half bushel lots, shall
be made at the Maine State Fair, 1895,
and that there shall be rendered to the
Secretary, on or before Nov. 1st, a sworn
statement, one "King of the Cornfield"
quantity of fertilizer used, kind of soil,
manner of treating in 1894, method of
cultivation, whether planted in hills or
drills, amount and variety of seed used,
total yield in bushels, and per cent. of
marketable potatoes. The completed
statement, taken in connection with
the quality of sample product, to
determine the award. Competition in-
vited. Parties intending to compete will
notify the Secretary on or before
June 1st.

For those who grow corn instead of
potatoes, the following offered by Maine's
enterprising manufacturing firm, Whit-
man Agricultural Works, Auburn,
shall receive the same special manure
falls through the grating, and at least
once a dry day will be sifted onto the
contents of the trench to absorb the
liquids and kill the foul odor. No straw
is to be used for litter, so the gratings
are full a trap will be opened at one end,
and the manure is pushed by a scraper
attached to a small windlass to an opening
where it falls into a cart and is hauled
onto the land. The manure will be re-
ceived a statement from the perfect
cleanliness of the animals and the purity
of the milk.

The hay and grain is brought in on a
large truck and fed from the same to the
cattle in the Y shaped trough. After
feeding the manure is blown several feet
and swept out clean, and it will at all times
be perfectly clean. This trough is water
tight. The barn will be sheathed
throughout and finished in hard oil, so
that it can be thoroughly washed down
and cleaned by means of a small pump.
The whole arrangement is a model of
convenience, assuring cleanliness and
health for the stock at a minimum cost
for labor. The herd of dairy stock,
which will be placed in this barn, is one
of the best herds of full blooded and
grade Holsteins in the State, selected
and bred with a special view to their
best milk producing qualities. The pro-
duct of each cow is accurately weighed
night and morning, and recorded, and
when a cow does not keep up to the
average of eight quarts or more, she is
deemed unprofitable and weeded out of
the herd.

American Institute of Instruction.

The next meeting of the American In-
stitute of Instruction will be held in
Portland, July 3-11. The principal ses-
sions of the institute will be held in
City Hall. The meeting will be held in
Portland will be the sixty-fifth session
of the institute, thus making it the old-
est educational association in the coun-
try. It includes in its membership the
leading educational associations of the
country. It has long been noted for the
quality of the addresses given and papers read.

The following subjects have been se-
lected for discussion: The public school
as an instrumentality for social advance-
ment; the school as a center of moral
training; the relation of the school to
mental defects. The relation of the
school to educational and social progress.
Library methods of study in schools.
Intellectual training as a moral force.
More than the American college do
to help American life. Desirable modifi-
cations of elementary school pro-
grammes. What a grammar school
graduate should know and be able to do.
The limitations of secondary school pro-
grammes. Departmental instruction.
The response of the public schools to
the demands of the public. Child study
methods and results. (Stereopticon.)
What the community owes the school.
What the school owes the community.

The speakers on the occasion are from
the front rank of the leaders in matters
educational in the United States. No
Maine teacher can afford to miss the
meetings. W. W. Stetson, our State
Superintendent of schools, will read his
forth information in regard to railroad
rates, board, lodgings, etc., address Hon.
Wm. W. Merrill, Portland, of the local
committee.

Kill Them Now.

Editor *Maine Farmer*: We have re-
ceived, recently, for examination, speci-
mens of a small, dark brown or black
beetle, $\frac{1}{8}$ inch long, that has the habit
of climbing the canes of raspberries, and
eating the buds before or about the
time they open. It also eats the early
buds and leaves of strawberries. We
would call attention to it through the
columns of the *Farm*, and would
like to hear from any who have seen
this insect, and also to receive specimens
of the insect and its work. To save
time, we would recommend that the
specimens be sent by express, with a
Paris green, one pound to 200 gallons of
water, or fresh white hellebore, one
pound to 50 gallons of water. These
beetles hibernates, and will soon lay eggs
for a second brood that appears in the
summer. The eggs are small, round, and
the grub probably infest the roots. One
killed now will prevent many later in
the season.
F. L. HARVEY,
Entomologist Experiment Station,
Orono, May 15.

Against Mr. Bass.

The Bangor libel suit jury reported a
verdict for plaintiffs in the Supreme
Court in Auburn shortly after 5 o'clock
Wednesday afternoon.

Damages were awarded in the sum of
\$1,508.03. The jury was out about two
hours. The plaintiffs in the suit were
Beace & Clifford, the Lewiston con-
tractors, and the defendants, Messrs.
Bass & Mudgett, proprietors of the *Ban-
gor Commercial*. The libel was brought
on the charges made in the *Commercial*
of the faulty construction of the city
building at Bangor. The defendants
have already filed exceptions and a
motion for a new trial, the necessary
steps for taking the case to the law
court.

Judge Walton's charge to the jury oc-
cupied about 30 minutes. His honor
did not go into the evidence, the charge
being chiefly devoted to an explanation
of rules of law governing such cases.
This he did at some length, and with
great clearness, and with the utmost
impartiality. The charge was highly
spoken of by all the members of the
legal profession in attendance, and by
the leading business men of Lewiston
and Auburn and Bangor.

Those who know Mr. Bass feel as-
sured that the battle has only begun.
He says he knows whereof he spoke in
the article which he wrote, and which
appeared in his paper, and he proposes
that the full court shall adjudicate
thereon.

West Freeman can boast of a smart
old man. Mr. John Brackley, seventy-
six years old, has this spring fitted a
stake twelve cords of wood beside
doing chores and occasionally helping in
the sap orchard.

The New Hospital Barn.

The best cow barn in the New England
States is to be constructed on the grounds
of the Insane Hospital in this city. It
will be a brick structure 338 feet long by
40 arched; a one story building, with
monitor roof. The cow barn is located
north and south, which gives it the sun
all day, which will be a great advantage
to the stock. Attached to each end, at
right angles with the cow barn, are two
hay barns which serve for the storage of
the hay to supply the cattle in the large
cow barn. These barns are 107 ft. in
length by 42 ft. in width, and will con-
tain three large silos that will provide
for about 350 tons of ensilage, also the
necessary grain rooms for the storage of
grain, arranged in the most convenient
and approved manner. The arrange-
ment of this barn secures quiet for the
cows and an almost absolute freedom
from floating dust. The cows are ar-
ranged in two lines, facing each other,
their heads being 14 ft. apart. The stan-
ding and chain swifels allow great free-
dom of motion. The mangers are of Y
shaped depressions in the floor, and are
so arranged that the water will flow the
entire length, and in this way one man
can water the entire 100 cows in fifteen
minutes. The cow barn is arranged to
accommodate 100 cows. The floor upon
which the cattle stand is perfectly flat;
the hind feet of the animals rest upon
the Stewart Self Cleaning Stable Grating.
This grating covers a water tight trench
made of southern pine plank, three feet
wide and six inches deep. The manure
falls through the grating, and at least
once a dry day will be sifted onto the
contents of the trench to absorb the
liquids and kill the foul odor. No straw
is to be used for litter, so the gratings
are full a trap will be opened at one end,
and the manure is pushed by a scraper
attached to a small windlass to an opening
where it falls into a cart and is hauled
onto the land. The manure will be re-
ceived a statement from the perfect
cleanliness of the animals and the purity
of the milk.

The hay and grain is brought in on a
large truck and fed from the same to the
cattle in the Y shaped trough. After
feeding the manure is blown several feet
and swept out clean, and it will at all times
be perfectly clean. This trough is water
tight. The barn will be sheathed
throughout and finished in hard oil, so
that it can be thoroughly washed down
and cleaned by means of a small pump.
The whole arrangement is a model of
convenience, assuring cleanliness and
health for the stock at a minimum cost
for labor. The herd of dairy stock,
which will be placed in this barn, is one
of the best herds of full blooded and
grade Holsteins in the State, selected
and bred with a special view to their
best milk producing qualities. The pro-
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when a cow does not keep up to the
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Items of Maine News

A fire inquest failed to reveal the cause of the recent fire in Richmond.

A patent has been granted to Herbert J. Hope of Sanford for a loom for weaving double fabric for plush.

The Lewiston city government has appropriated \$3000 toward the Fourth of July celebration.

Charles B. Varney, another of the prominent and well known business men of Portland, is dead.

The new G. A. R. hall at Bar Harbor will be dedicated Wednesday, May 29th.

Chaplain C. A. Southard of Livermore Falls will deliver the dedication address.

A post office has been established at New Point, Cumberland county, and Mrs. Ellen W. Stetson appointed postmaster.

A cold snap came Monday morning. Ice formed in many places in Maine, and it is thought that considerable damage was done to fruit and other crops.

While playing with a dog, Sunday, the young son of George Dineen of Saco, was bitten in the groin, and is in a critical condition.

Saturday night, thieves entered the barn of Fred Reed, Dresden lower bridge, and stole a horse, buggy and harness. The horse was valued at \$300. There is no clue to the robbers.

At the court in Wiscasset, on Friday, Granville Lewis and Willie Poor received a sentence of five and two years respectively for burning the cottage of Dr. Toward at Boothbay Harbor.

In the treasury's office in Portland, Monday, the committee on finance met and witnessed the destruction of \$100,000 worth of the city's cancelled bonds.

Darius L. Parks, a well known farmer at Richmond, died Thursday, aged 60 years. His father was one of the pioneers of that section, and was at the time of his decease one of the largest land owners in the State.

The number of crafts used in the sardine business, that are now hauled into the shipyard at Eastport undergoing repairs, would give the impression that their owners expected a lively season after the fishing season begins.

A girl of fifteen sat in a Rockland dentist chair one day last week and had 16 teeth extracted without gas or other anesthetic, and some of them were hard to pull. She never winced or cried out during the whole procedure.

The whole procedure was so quick that the girl has not entirely died out. The dentist was not entirely satisfied with the result.

The North End Packing Co. at Eastport is making extensive additions to its establishment this spring. A long piece of wharf has been built, and a good sized shop is well under way; and various other improvements are going on about the place.

Mr. Charles Marston, a well known Lewiston cigar maker, who for some time past has been in the business of manufacturing cigars in Farmington, attempted suicide on Wednesday by taking a large quantity of strychnine.

A letter was found saying he was tired of life.

A man giving his name as Thomas Kelley of Lewiston was captured in St. Mary's Catholic church, Bangor, Friday evening. Kelley effected an entrance by breaking out a window and ran out, and it is presumed he intended to rob the church of valuable plate, etc.

A lively public mass meeting occurred at City Hall, Bath, Monday evening, to raise the amount necessary for the starting of Bath's new shoe factory. Before the meeting \$3000 had been pledged, and the remaining \$2000 was raised then so that it is now a sure thing, and machinery will be at once purchased for it.

John Wainwright Cushing, who is still confined at his Foxcroft residence by his fractured leg, is reported by his physicians as improving rapidly. He is expected to be able to walk in a few days.

The break in Mr. Cushing's case was a bad one, both bones of the leg below the knee having been broken and shattered.

Lightning struck George Welch's new house in Mexico, Wednesday afternoon, doing about \$100 damage. The house was a little back from the school house, and the concussion or something so affected several scholars that they were made faint, became pale, and were a long time in getting over the effect of the shock.

Benjamin Grafton, a wealthy old man of Cumberland Mills, hanged himself in the barn chamber Wednesday noon. The probable cause is on account of losing his sight recently. He thought it was better to die than to be blind. He was 75 years old and worth several thousands of dollars. He leaves four sons and one daughter.

Hon. Eben Woodbury of Houlton died Saturday forenoon, after several months' sickness, aged 70 years. He had been a member of the Maine Senate and House several times, was a member of the Governor's council, postmaster several terms, deputy United States marshal during the war and had been a member of the republican State committee, and presided at one State convention.

The Maine Commanderies, Knights Templar, are making extensive preparations to attend the triennial convocation of the Grand Lodge of the United States, to be held in Boston, August 28th and 29th.

Major McCubry of Caribou was drowned at Aroostook river pond, Tuesday, 7th, the body being found floating in the water by some of the C. R. P. Co., section men. It appears that the deceased, who has been living with his parents on a farm about five miles southeast of the village, made arrangements to sleep in the barn Monday night, to be near a horse that needed looking after. He probably went fishing and fell in accidentally. The unfortunate man had on a buffalo coat, and this garment doubtless prevented the body from sinking, as it must have floated some distance down the pond to the place where it was found. The deceased was 41 years of age.

The mystery of the disappearance of Britton of Raymond, was solved Sunday morning, when a man named Butler, who was moving a small dam of logs in the river, about 20 feet below the bridge, found Britton's body under the logs, the moving of which dislodged it and caused it to float in the water. The body was uninjured and the clothes were just as they were when Britton disappeared. All the articles, including \$30 in cash, which he was known to have, were found in the pockets. As soon as the body was known there was great excitement. The body was taken from the water and conveyed to the office of Undertaker Lane. Dr. Jordan made an examination of the body. So far as known there are no marks of foul play, no bruises on the body. There is apparently little doubt that Britton accidentally fell off the bridge, as has been surmised. A coronal jury returned a verdict of accidental drowning.

Don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben? Sweet Alice with hair so brown? She was as much calmer in her sleeves As she used to be in a gown.

Weak Nerves

Indicate as surely as any physical symptom shows anything, that the organs and tissues of the body are not satisfied with their nourishment.

They draw their sustenance from the blood, and if the blood is thin, impure or insufficient, they are in a state of revolt. Their complaints are made through the nervous system, and the result of the general dissatisfaction is what we call Nervousness.

This is a concise, reasonable explanation of the whole matter.

The cure for Nervousness, then, is simple. Purify and enrich your blood by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, and the nerves, tissues and organs will have the healthful nourishment they crave. Nervousness and Weakness will then give way to strength and health.

That this is not theory but fact is proven by the voluntary statements of thousands cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla. Read the next column.

At the meeting of the Grand Chapter of Masons in Portland, a charter was granted to Pentecost Chapter of Boothbay Harbor, and its dispensation continued until constituted.

Grand officers were installed by Past Grand High Priest Joseph A. Locke, the following appointments being made: District Deputy Grand High Priest, 5th district, Almon C. Waite, Portland; 6th district, Harrison J. Lincoln; 7th district, Algernon M. Cook, Auburn; Grand Chaplain, Rev. Martin Sumner, Lewiston; Rev. Elmer F. Pember, Bangor; Rev. Willard B. Bartlett, Kockland Falls; Rev. John Pettigill, Kockland Falls; Grand Captain of Host, Alexander M. Dennison, Camden; Grand Principal, Sojourner, Howard D. Smith, Norway; Grand R. A., Capt. Thomas A. Jewett, Gardiner; Grand Master of Third Ward, Benj. L. Hadley, Bar Harbor; Grand Master of Second Ward, Daniel W. Maxwell, Bangor; Grand Master of First Ward, Henry A. Torsey, Lewiston; Grand Steward, William N. Howe, Portland; Grand Steward, Orestes E. Crowell, Oakland; Grand Steward, Willard M. Crowell, Bridgton; Grand Steward, Charles W. Jones, China; Grand Lecturer, Frank E. Sleeper, Sabatis; Grand Sentinel, Warren O. Carney, Portland.

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Poetry

For the Maine Farmer.

ALL HAIL!

BY HELEN MARIE HURD.

Haste, haste, buds of pink and red!
Sovereign Summer cometh from the sunny
South.
Flash, ye royal roses! meads of gold out-
spread.
All ye passion poeies, odoriferous grace in full!
Joy be in the zephyr, laughter in the rill!
Haste, oh, haste, fields of living green,
And the mighty armies of the emerald leaf,
Under flying shadows, wave and toss and
sheen!
From silken poplars, ye countless creep-
ing things,
Into vital welcome, resurrect with wings.
Haste, oh, haste! firefly motes, trail,
Flash your opalescence o'er the dusky glade;
Where the pearl drops glisten in the dewy
shade!
Where the fairy thrasher swings his dainty
tail,
Light the tangled grasses, glow-worm, weird
and pale!
Haste, haste, haste, unto tallest trees,
Birds of swiftest pinion, birds of sweetest
song!
"Gay intriguing fellow," wildest of the bees,
In ebony and yellow, let your defiance cease,
Till your love, the lily, bringeth gifts of
peace!
Haste, haste, haste, purple buds and white!
Race, ye fragrant breezes with the shining
sun!
Blush, O beauties morning! blush, O beau-
tiful night!
Everything of beauty, hail, all hail!
Hail the Sovereign Summer! hail, all hail!
Athena.

MAY.

I feel a newer life in every gale,
The winds that fan the flowers,
And with their welcome breathings fill the
sail.
Tell of serene hours—
Of hours that glide unloft away
Beneath the sky of May.
The spirit of the gentle southwind calls
From his blue throne of air,
And where his whispering voice in music falls
Beauty is budding bloom and fragrance
The bright notes of the valley break
Their slumbers, and awake.
The waving verdure rolls along the plain,
And the wild forest waves,
To welcome back its playful mates again,
A canopy of leaves;
And the dashing shadow floats
A gush of trembling notes.
Fairer and brighter spreads the reign of May,
The tresses of the woods
With the light daffodils of the west wind play;
And the full-blown flowers,
As gladly as their goal they run,
Hail the returning sun.

Our Story Teller.

ROMANCE OF A SHOAL.

A Stranded Man Rescues Others
in Being Rescued Himself.

I will tell you a story about a man I
once knew. He was the eldest son of
a Scotch baronet of old family, and
when the most memorable of all his
experiences befell him he was about
twenty-three years of age. He went
from London on a holiday trip to a sea-
side town on the southeast coast of
England. The month was August—
toward the close of it, when the shadow
of September was in the air, and when
you might sometimes hear a sullen
noise of winter in the beat of the sul-
len breakers dissolving upon the sand.
Directly opposite the town he visited,
at the distance of about six or seven
miles, stretches the yellow line of the
most dangerous shoal in the world—the
most dangerous, I say, because of the
prodigious annual traffic in the
historic waterway upon whose surface
it seems to float. This shoal is called
the Goodwin Sands.

Let the name of the hero of this ad-
venture stand as Matthew Lewis. On
the morning of the third day after his
arrival at Broadstairs, Mr. Lewis, see-
ing that the morning was fine, the sea
smooth, the sunshine warm and the
sky full of the promise of pleasant
weather, walked down to the little,
primitive, tarry stump of pier with the
intention of killing an hour or two by
rowing in a boat. He felt into con-
versation with a waterman who landed
out of the "Tartar Frigate Inn" as Mr.
Lewis stood viewing the sea.

"How far distant are the Goodwin
Sands?" asked my friend.
"About fourteen miles there and
back," said Mr. Lewis, eyeing the
boatman's war-ridden face with a
narrow countenance. "Five miles an
hour and a spell rest; call it about
four hours and a half."

He looked at his watch, recollected
that the town was exceedingly dull,
that his object in visiting the seaside
was to spend on the water all the time
he could snatch from meals and sleep,
and that a visit to the Goodwins and a
short walk of the third day after his
arrival would furnish him with some-
thing to talk about and even to boast
of on his return.

He was a smart yachtsman, and, in a
fresh water sort of way, "knew the
ropes." He made certain inquiries
touching the tides and then, stepping
into the "Tartar Frigate Inn," he ob-
tained a bottle of the third day after his
arrival and a bag of biscuits,
and stowed them in his coat pockets.
He now walked down to the little har-
bor, selected and hired a light, clean
boat, entered her, and rowed away out
to sea, all alone.

Until he reached the Goodwin Sands
nothing in any degree noteworthy oc-
curred. The air was sweet and re-
freshing. The chalk cliffs shone in the
morning light with a milk-white soft-
ness. Whatever Mr. Lewis' eye rested
upon he found idealized by distance,
and the blue and silver splendor in the
atmosphere and by that wonderful
sense of material spaciousness and
humane littleness which works like a
spell in the mind's perceptions and in-
terpretations at sea.

The long serpentine sand-bank lay
uncovered, hard, firm, gleaming yellow
in its sinuosities into the southern and
northern distances.

About a quarter of a mile from the
spot where the nose of Mr. Lewis' boat
struck lay a wreck, buried in the sand
to her covering board.

ing an oar and attaching the wherry's
pawler to it. This he did, and then
walked to the wreck.
The nearer he approached the less
picturesque and admirable he found
her. Her gauntness grew shocking; he
caught himself glancing around for
the sight of a human skeleton, or the
more dreadful spectacle of a drowned
mariner in his clothes. Discovering
that a portion of the decks were un-
covered, he grasped the lanyards of a
shroud and vaulted over the rail.

Mr. Lewis had inherited from his
mother a poetic cast of mind, and
whenever accident landed him in a
novel situation where there was no
danger, he loved to surrender himself
to sensation and feeling. He sat down
and realized that he was on board a
brig wrecked to the very last extrem-
ity, whose utter evanescence, as
though she had been wrought out of
smoke, could only be a question of a
few days of calm weather, or an hour
that afternoon of a gale of wind.

Now he was horrified to discover that
something more than time had slipped
away. His boat was gone! He did
not need to look long to see her; she
was floating some few hundred yards
off, towing the oar with her, and drift-
ing away with the tide at a speed that
every minute would increase.

His consternation was profound. The
menace was that of death, and of a
death to be rendered more awful by
cruel delay and tardy approach.
He gazed in the direction of the
Downs. Many ships were assembled
there. Galleys and punts were crawl-
ing about among them, but everything
was far too remote to be of use to him.
He looked round the sea. A distant
sail gleamed here and there, and here
and there some iron tank of a steam-
ship, with half her hull hidden, was
plowed through the water with the
grace of a cart horse's trot.

"Mr. Lewis' one hope of deliverance
was that the boatman to whom the
wherry belonged would be rendered
uneasy by the long absence of his cus-
tomer, and put off to seek him.

The afternoon was now advancing,
and the tide was beginning to make.
The healthy line of the water had al-
ready buried a considerable portion of
the sands in places. Mr. Lewis ate a
biscuit, and then, understanding that
there was no hope of saving his life
except by climbing the mast of the
wrecked brig he walked to the vessel,
and drawing forth his knife, cut off a
length of rope wherewith to attach
himself to the rigging.

About this time the sky thickened in
the south. The wind came on to blow
in sighs and pauses and little playful
rushes, until presently it had settled
into a steady, strong wind, with short,
snapping seas rolling and worrying in
snow along the whole line of shoal.
Many clouds sailed up fast off the land
of France.

Mr. Lewis remained upon the deck of
the brig until the seas began to
jump about. Then he climbed into the
foretop—a little platform that pro-
vided him with a seat, where he found
some shelter for his back in the head
of the mast. He attached his white
handkerchief to a shroud, and it blew
out like a flag. He hoped this tiny
sail might attract the attention of a
boat, but his handkerchief blew out in
vain; no boat put off to his rescue.

Nothing came near him. The three
lightships, moored at wide intervals
and all of them at a great distance,
headed him out.

The night drew down, cloudy, but
clear in the space between the shadows.
The bright moon touched the troubled
waters with a glance of splendor as
she sailed into the wide lagoons of
deep, dark blue.

Mr. Lewis felt wretchedly cold and
miserable, but not entirely hopeless.
The mast stood bravely; the wind,
too, was fast scattering. The tide was
ebbing; the nights, moreover, were
short, and the daybreak something would
pass by close enough to perceive and
take him off. His little stock of brandy
and biscuits helped to support his
strength.

When the sands were hard and bare
he descended the rigging to walk
about, that he might ridge the camp
out of his back and set the blood
aflowing. While he paced vigorously,
growing warm with the exercise, ceas-
lessly casting eager looks about him in
search of help, he beheld a pallid
shadow drawing near out of the south.

The moon was then hidden. Mr.
Lewis stood straining his eyes. The
satellite flashed out of the edge of a
cloud, and in the ivory-white gush of
brilliant light Mr. Lewis spied a little
craft, helpless or abandoned, drifting
broadside on to the sands. Her peak
halyards had been let go and her stay-
foresail fluttered, half-hauled down.

My friend waited until he thought
she was within reach of his voice; he
then put his hands to his mouth and
roared out: "Cutler ahoy!"

He was answered by a woman's voice
that came along in the now soft and
gentle wind with the note of a shriek
in it. He bawled again, advising wher-
ever might be on board to let go the
anchor before the vessel came ashore
and send a boat, if they had one, to
take him off. The woman's voice an-
swered shrill and clear:

"We are four girls; we are quite
helpless, and don't know what to do.
We have a boat, but we are unable to
make use of her."

All this while the drift of the little
cutter was tolerably rapid, and in
twenty minutes from the time of Mr.
Lewis' first perceiving her she sailed on
the beach and hung with her head
looking southeast.

Mr. Lewis stood close to the spot
where she came ashore. She was a
cutter of about fifteen tons, and he
perceived by the moonlight that she
carried a small punt in her gangway.
Four female figures stood upon the
after part of her deck—all young girls
of eighteen or twenty so far as Mr.
Lewis could tell by the tremble of light-
ning of the night. The surf ran softly along
the edge of the shoal and the little air
of wind was nearly gone.

"Whoever you are, come and help
us!" cried one of the girls.
"Have you no man on board?" called
Mr. Lewis.

little anchor attached to its cable. He
called to the four girls, and by their
aid got the anchor, which might have
weighed something over a hundred-
weight, over the bow, where Mr. Lewis
left it to hang. He then opened the
little gangway, and still bidding the
girls help him, he ran the punt smack
fashion into the water and paddled her
to the bow under the anchor.

He regained the deck and lowered
the anchor into the boat; then swiftly
explaining his intentions to the girls
and telling them what to do, he jumped
into the punt and sculled as far as the
scope of cable attached to the anchor
would admit of. He then threw the
anchor overboard and returned to the
little cutter.

"This way, if you please," he cried,
"and help me as briskly as you can. I
believe we shall save ourselves yet."

So saying he shipped handspikes in
the windlass, and they all went to
work to heave the vessel off. The
weight of the five people, being for-
ward, lifted the tail of the craft off the
sand, and materially assisted the strain
on the cable.

After ten minutes of heaving, Mr.
Lewis was overjoyed to find that they
had started the cutter. Happily the
anchor had dropped where its grip was
good.

They have until the cable was up and
down. Mr. Lewis, then, spiking two
long sweeps or oars, threw them over-
board, and two girls at one and
two at the other, and with his own
hands, with his coat off and straining
hard, broke out the little anchor.

"Now pull!" he roared; and the girls,
giving way, except the cutter out right
athwart the delicate, soft blowing of
the night air.

My friend clapped his hands with de-
light, and lifting the anchor clear of
the water with a few revolutions of the
windlass, made all fast and sprang
to help at the oars. They pulled until
the shore was a good half-mile astern of
them.

Mr. Lewis then masted the fore-sail
and hoisted the peak of the main-sail,
setting the sail properly, and went to
the little tiller while the girls still
ground at the oars. But as soon as
he found the cutter under command,
drawing away from the sands, and
holding her own, he requested the
young ladies to throw their oars in.

They did so, panting, and gathered
about him with many signs of weak-
ness and exhaustion in their manner.
He, too, as he told me, now that he
had been miraculously delivered, felt
half dead from exposure in the rigging
of the brig, and from long-protracted,
keen distress of mind. It was impos-
sible to distinguish faces, for now the
moon had vestered and her light was
dull.

The girls' story was this: Three of
them were daughters of an English
gentleman on a visit to Boulogne-sur-
mer; the fourth was a young French
girl, an intimate friend of the family.
The cutter belonged to the English
girls' brother. Out of wantonness,
and fired by the desire to be talked
about and looked at, the four young
ladies had agreed to sail the yacht
without help out of Boulogne harbor,
cruise awhile off the coast and then
return.

They had sailed with their brother
and imagined that they knew how to
handle a ship. The French girl had
assured them that she could steer in-
comparably well. It is perfectly true
that she managed to navigate the cut-
ter between the two piers without run-
ning into either; but when they were
at sea and the breeze took them, the
young French lady lost her head, and
the English girls saw that she did not
know which way to put the helm as
occasion required.

They were blown out to sea, but
their situation of distress was not
noticed on shore. They had no knowl-
edge of tacking; the breeze which had
come on when Mr. Lewis was up in
the brig's mast blew dead off the
Boulogne coast. The girls let go a
rope or two, and they also let go the
helm, and the little cutter, sometimes
giving her stern, and sometimes her
broadside, made as pretty a course as
could have been contrived by a
steersman with the help of a compass
card for the deadly Goodwin sands.

This was the young ladies' story;
and while they conversed with Mr.
Lewis, who in his turn related his own
experience, the gale broke. Now they
could see one another.

The three English girls were pretty,
but their faces were pale, and wore a
complete expression of dread, as though
they had been brought ashore in the
lifeboat from a hideous scene of
storm and panic and drowning. The
French lady was paler still than the
English girls. Their names—but that
matters not.

Mr. Lewis, giving the helm to one of
them to hold, descended into the cabin
to seek for refreshments, and found
biscuits, fruit and other trifling matter
in sufficient quantity to provide them
all with a meal.

The yacht had come ashore on the
eastern side of the Goodwin sands, and
as Mr. Lewis proposed to carry the
ladies to an English port—either Dover
or Folkestone—he kept the little vessel
long while in pulling round the south-
ernmost limb of the shoal to get at them.

About four o'clock a vessel was ob-
served heading in their direction out of
the south. She came along fast and
direct. Mr. Lewis, putting the cut-
ter's telescope to his eye, told the la-
dies that the vessel was a tug, and
that there were several people on her
bridge, and that he believed that she
was out in search of the cutter.

It proved as he conjectured; the tug,
with the father and brother of the
young ladies on board, drew close to
the yacht. A boat was lowered, and
the party were quickly transferred, and
the tug with the yacht in tow started
for Boulogne harbor.

win Sands—one of hundreds—in which,
however, I am bound to say there oc-
curs but little moonlight and less
sentiment. The boat which had gone
adrift and left Mr. Lewis in the lurch
was picked up and towed to Broad-
stairs, and it was supposed that the
friend had been miserably drowned
until his landward heard from him
from Boulogne.—W. Clark Russell, in
Youth's Companion.

CAUGHT BY A CLAM.

BY CHARLES STUART PRATT.

"One does not usually regard the
clam as a dangerous animal," re-
marked my friend, Jack Ballantine, as
he shook a silver pepper-box over a
plate of the delectable Little Neck
bivalves, "yet the narrow escape of
my life was due to a clam."

Jack Ballantine was an old school-
mate. I remembered him as the ad-
venturous spirit among the boys, but
had not seen him since we graduated
from the Latin high school, a dozen
years before, till that very day.

Coming down town to business in the
morning, I had met him face to face by
the frog pond, and we had engaged to
dine together and bring our life-stories
up to date.

"Not being a dyspeptic, or otherwise
impaired in your body," said I, smiling
across to his sturdy bronzed face, "your
terrible clam could hardly have been of
the Little Neck sort."

"Hardly," replied Ballantine, with a
laugh. "The clam that captured me
would have made a meal for a regular
clam-bait. I was eating a regular
twenty pounds, and its tremendous
shells four or five hundred pounds
more."

"You must mean the giant clam of
East Indian waters?" observed I, in-
quiringly. "I believe the single shells
of that great bivalve are sometimes
used for holy-water fonts in Catholic
churches."

"Yes, and in the islands of Oceania for
babies' bathtubs," said Ballantine.
"The particular tridacna gigas in ques-
tion, however, with which I had a brief
but fearful acquaintance, was alive,
and a dozen fathoms deep in tropic
waters—in the Torres strait, between
Queensland and New Guinea."

So, while we waited the next course,
Ballantine began the story of his ex-
traordinary adventure.

"I believe you went to your uncle in
London, after our Latin school ac-
quaintance," remarked I. "You wrote
me on arriving there, but not after-
ward."

"Yes, Uncle Ballantine had mining
and pearling interests in Queensland,
and I went out almost immediately af-
ter reaching London. I was located at
Cooktown, on the northeast coast."

"The region and the life were full of
interest to me, and I soon became fam-
iliar with mining on land and pearling at
sea. We had quite a fleet of luggers—
vessels of five to twenty tons, two
short masts, and manned with crews of
half a dozen natives, Kanakas, Japs,
Chinese, or Malays, maybe."

"One of our captains was an old Nan-
tucket whaler, and I now and then
went out to the fishing grounds with him."

"On one of these pearling trips we
went up the coast, around Cape York,
into Torres strait. It was there I had
my narrow escape from a clam."

"Almost at the start we struck rich
bottom, and our diver was bringing up
three or four hundred pairs of shells a
day—worth about that number of dol-
lars. By the end of the month we had
a cargo of eight or ten tons. Of course
the mother-of-pearl lining of the shells
is the bread and butter of the business.
The round pearls of the jeweler are the
cake (or perhaps I should say the pie,
being in New England).

"They were blown out to sea, but
their situation of distress was not
noticed on shore. They had no knowl-
edge of tacking; the breeze which had
come on when Mr. Lewis was up in
the brig's mast blew dead off the
Boulogne coast. The girls let go a
rope or two, and they also let go the
helm, and the little cutter, sometimes
giving her stern, and sometimes her
broadside, made as pretty a course as
could have been contrived by a
steersman with the help of a compass
card for the deadly Goodwin sands."

This was the young ladies' story;
and while they conversed with Mr.
Lewis, who in his turn related his own
experience, the gale broke. Now they
could see one another.

The three English girls were pretty,
but their faces were pale, and wore a
complete expression of dread, as though
they had been brought ashore in the
lifeboat from a hideous scene of
storm and panic and drowning. The
French lady was paler still than the
English girls. Their names—but that
matters not.

Mr. Lewis, giving the helm to one of
them to hold, descended into the cabin
to seek for refreshments, and found
biscuits, fruit and other trifling matter
in sufficient quantity to provide them
all with a meal.

"I hastened back to release it, when,
to my surprise, I found it held fast be-
tween the shells of a giant clam."

"I gave the stout wire-lined tubing a
twist, then a strong pull, bracing my
feet against the great bivalve. Then I
climbed the rim of the shell and
strove to separate it from them."

But the vice-like jaws were relent-
less. As easily I might have rendered
a granite ledge at some seam in its
center.

"Then I turned to the life-line to sig-
nal the tender in the boat. As I did so
I saw that it, too, had become slack,
and was tangled in a branching coral.
I dashed forward to disentangle it, but
before I reached it I was again twit-
ched backward by the air-pipe."

"Then, for the first time, I realized the
full significance of the situation. My
air supply was stopped, communi-
cation with the upper world cut off,
and I, Jack Ballantine, in all the vigor
of young manhood, chained to my
death at the bottom of Torres strait."

"And now a sudden sense of suffoca-
tion warned me that my struggle was
limited to seconds."

"In a flash of memory I recalled the
tale of one like disaster, where the
diver cut his air-tube with a dash freed
his life-line, and was drawn up half
dead. But I had no knife; in that sud-
den backward fall I had lost hold of it."

"Then, as I lifted my eyes in a last
despairing search for succor, I beheld,
resting in the branching coral before
me, a large, dark, and instantly the
miracle of it—an iron bar, pointed at
one end—a veritable crowbar."

"In an instant I was prying at the
jaws of the giant clam, with the lever-
age of the bar and the strength of des-
peration. For a suffocating moment
the struggle was unavailing, then one
rim split away and the pipe was free."

"I turned toward the life-line, stag-
gered and fell across it, insensible."

"I suppose the weight of my falling
body gave the line the one jerk which
was the signal to the tender to 'pull
up.' Anyway, the tender got the sig-
nal, and the next I knew I was lying
on the deck of the lugger, the old Nan-
tucket on his knees at my side, and
all the scared crew standing about."

"Truly a most extraordinary tale, as
well as a terrible experience," I ex-
claimed. "The danger ended the story,
and the water brought on the desert."
"That crowbar, for instance, is a strain
on an everyday business man's credul-
ity," and I looked past my friend's face
to the bronze face of Franklin across
the street.

"And yet it is only another instance
of truth stranger than fiction," asserted
Ballantine. "Why, the first time
the old Nantucket I have mentioned
went down, on recovering from the
daze of sudden descent, he saw in a
crotch of the coral before him a bottle
of pale ale, and if a beer, why not a
crowbar?"—Boston Globe.

A FAMOUS FIGHT.

A Story of the Early Days in
Leadville.

No man in Leadville in the early
mining days enjoyed a more deserved
popularity than little Bob Briery. He
was a bright fellow, genial and so-
ciable in his disposition, warm in his at-
tachments and courteous and obliging
to everybody. Nothing was known of
his antecedents except that he had been
driven west by domestic difficulties,
and so, from a serious case of domestic
trouble, he had become a prospector,
and had rapidly acquired
all the practice that was about
in those days. Hank McLaughlin,
lived in an adjoining camp, where he
enjoyed the reputation of a desperado,
and was a frequent visitor to Leadville.
He was a big, square fellow, the very
opposite of Bob Briery, who was be-
lieved to be the medium size, delicate and
gentlemanly. From the first the two
seemed to hate each other. There was
a natural antipathy between them.
Instinct taught each to see in the other
a deadly and dangerous enemy.

One day McLaughlin struck the little
mining town in an ugly humor and
proceeded to make himself very un-
popular, and people knew before he had
been there two hours that trouble was
brewing between him and Briery.
They had met up the country some
time before the discovery of rich silver
rock in the Leadville district and came
very near having a difficulty then. The
fact appeared to be that McLaughlin,
who was anxious to be thought a
fighter, was insanely jealous of Briery,
and he was determined to rectify the
situation. The first night of his ad-
venture into camp he got on a jamboree,
flourished his revolver and swore that
no man who wore a "biled" shirt and a
"plug" hat could make him take
water. As Bob was the only one in
town who sported such evidences of
civilization as a white shirt and a high
collar, of course he was the man that
Hank meant. But Bob only smiled on
the riotous demonstrations of the big
rough, and quietly walked off and
went to bed. From that hour, however,
the town felt that something serious
was going to happen. Strangely
enough, in a place where shooting
scrapes were of daily occurrence, Lead-
ville was a quiet town, and the pros-
pect of a quarrel between Bob Briery
and Hank McLaughlin. The death-
dealing merits of the men were dis-
cussed freely, and money was wagered
on the final results. Notwithstanding
McLaughlin's size and bloodthirsty
talk, Briery was the popular favorite.
The little fellow had won his spurs in
many a hard-fought scrimmage, and
many of the miners were ready to bet
that he would kill his opponent or
drive him out of camp.

Leadville had among its cosmopolitan
population in those days quite a
sprinkling of men who believed that
the right way for gentlemen to settle
their difficulties was according to the
code of the frontier. The two men
counters were well enough in their
way, but the "proper" thing was a duel
according to the code of honor. Lead-
ville bore testimony to the handiwork
of these gentlemen in this respect.
Time and again had her high-toned
and pugacious citizens, actuated by
the true spirit of chivalry, gone out and
shot each other in the most approved
fashion. Why not arrange a regular
affair between McLaughlin and Briery?
With Bob there was no trouble,
and he at once cheerfully acquiesced
in the proposal of his friends to let
the vulgar barbarity of a street affray
or a saloon encounter.

McLaughlin, however, did not take
the thing kindly, so it was said, and
gave his official interview with such a
stormy reception as came near start-
ing a riot in the camp. For this rea-
son, to the sincere regret of not a few,
the proposed duel had to be abandoned,
and the town was left in a feverish
condition of expectation, impatiently

waiting for the fray. Fortunately,
they had not long to wait. A difficulty
among some miners led to a lawsuit
before Judge Stead, a judicial autocrat
of the place, and Bob Briery appeared
as attorney for one of the parties.
Happily, or unhappily, as the fact
might be viewed from different stand-
points, Hank McLaughlin was a wit-
ness against the side represented by
Briery, and when this condition of
affairs became generally known it was
in the air that the time had come for
one or both to pass in his checks, as
the sports phrased it.

When the belligerent witness took
the stand all eyes were turned on him.
With an angry glance at Briery and a
suggestive hitch at his hip pocket,
where the handle of a big six-shooter
could be plainly seen, he proceeded
with his testimony and for a time got
along smoothly enough. The cross ex-
amination, however, was too much for
the witness. Repeatedly he was
questioned and avoided insulting per-
sonalities. Still he was ugly, cross
and abusive and indulged in a vicious
sneer when Briery quietly remarked
that nothing he might say could make
him forget he was in a court of justice.

At last, losing all patience and find-
ing restraint next to impossible,
Briery insisted that the court should
take a recess. Immediately on ad-
journment, the crowd poured into "The
Carbonate," directly across the street,
and filled the saloon to its utmost
capacity.

While the long line of thirsty souls
were standing at the bar drinking or
waiting to be served, a cry of "look
out!" was heard, and instantly the
sharp and loud reports of two revolv-
ers scattered the crowd in all direc-
tions. Who drew first none could say,
but the little one evidently got in the
first shot. For McLaughlin was seen to
stagger and put his hand to his breast.
He did not flinch, however, and both
men continued to fire with great
rapidity. At this critical juncture
something was noticed to be wrong
with Briery's pistol. It would not re-
volve, and in working with it the
chamber dropped out and rolled on the
floor. Again McLaughlin's pistol rang
out, and a bullet hole through his an-
tagonist's hat showed that the effect of
the first shot had not destroyed his
aim, although he staggered around the
room like a drunken man. Coolly he
stepped down, Briery picked up the
chamber of his revolver, deliberately
replaced it and began firing again.

While fixing his weapon he had got
into a corner at one end of the bar or
counter and McLaughlin took a similar
position at the other end. The fire
now raked the counter from end to
end, to the danger and horror of a
number of spectators who had taken
refuge from the flying bullets behind
the bar at the beginning of the fight.
With the crack of the pistols was heard
the wild cry of some poor devil in the
line of fire. The shriek and fall of one
of the number, a quiet, inoffensive
German, who had nothing to do with
the affray, put an end to the bloody
business. The pistol in the Carbon-
ate, now a well-known citizen of
Denver, jumped across the counter and
seized Briery with an iron grasp,

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